

Homer *A la Mode*
A
MOCK POEM
UPON
THE FIRST,
AND
SECOND BOOKS
OF
HOMER'S ILIADS.

*Hæc ridere mecum tam nil nulla tibi vnde
Ilaude; —*

Et sua riserant tempora Mæoniden.

—One for Sense, and one for Rime,
I think's sufficient at one time.

HUDIBER,

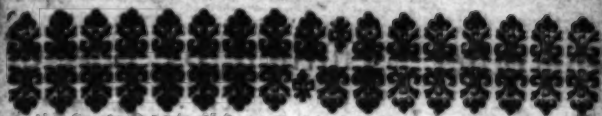
OXFORD,

Printed by H. H. for Ric. Davis. 1684.

THE FIRST
BOOK OF



Printed by H. M. for R. N. T. 1862.



To the Reader.

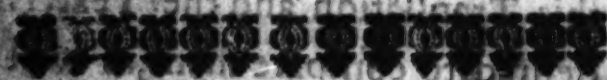
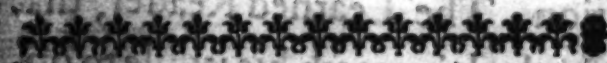


Ecause it was thought too difficult to Print so much Greek as was requisite , And too mean to print the Latine Translation ; The Learned Reader, that thinketh it worth his while to observe the correspondence betwixt this Translation and the Text, is desired to compare them, as well for the Illustration of the one , as

To the Reader.

the other: Further, by way of
Preface, H O M E R, though dres-
sed in the new mode, will onely
beg a favourable censure in his
old robe,

Good People pity the blind.



Some
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P. 17.
Vol. p

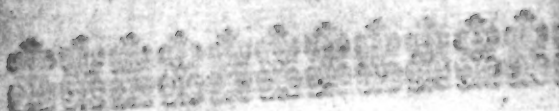


ERRATA.

Some faults have slipped the Presse, and would have done, had *Homer* himselfe been Corrector, therefore the Reader is desired to mend, or pardon, these that follow, and as many more as he can find.

P. 17. l. 2. blot out mind. 24. l. 1. r. ask's. l. 19. v. *drag*
/ *not*. p. 47. l. 13. for a r. the. p. 67. l. 3. blot out to. & c.

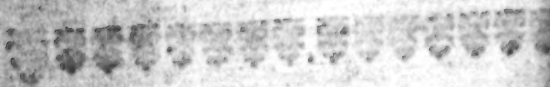




ERRATA.

Some faults have slipped the Press, and
could have been, had I been thinking, been
corrected, therefore the Reader is desired to
not, or pardon, these that follow, and is mis-
taken as he can find.

171. a line was added, and the word was
172. a line was added, and the word was



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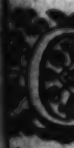
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Homer *A la Mode.*

The Argument.

One Captaine at another swaggers,
And comes, almost, to drawing daggers,
The Army's plagu'd, not for their vices,
But long o'th prayers of old Chryses,
Which was a poore Clerk of Apollo's,
These the Contents, the Chapter follows.

Come on, strike up thou riming
 Goddess,
 And sing me, in some blyth
 Rhapsody's,
 Achilles his unlucky fury;
 Which, as the sequell may assure ye,

Did bring upon the *Grecians*, double
Foure or five hundred pecks of trouble;

And, as the tale doth farther tell us,
Did send a number of good fellows,
Without as much as being sick,
Body and Soule downe to old *Nick*,
Which, hash't before by *Mars* his cooks,
Made treats for mastiff dogges and rooks;

(a) (For no man living dares say no
When crosse-grain'd *Jove* will have it so.)
Since first, *Agamemnon* (b) the Generall,
He under whose command the men are all
With stout *Achilles* fell at odds;

But which the devil of all the Gods,
Can any say by what appears,
Set these two swabbers by the eares?

Who but *Larva* and *Jove's* son?

Who, angry with *Agamemnon*,

Did send the plague and pox among 'em,
H'had better took 'em both and hung 'em

(a) *Διὸς ἑταῖρος Κούρην* (b) *Ἀγαμέμνων*.

For, for their sakes, the harmlesse peop-
-le Kick't up heeles like rotten sheep,

The meanes how this did come about,

That with *Apollo* he fell out,

Was this; *Apollo* had a *Flamen*

Whous'd in's Temple to cry *Amen*,

For th' present think one of our sextons,

This fellow *Agamemnon* vex'd once,

Coming to pay his Daughters ransom,

For (to say truth) the Girl was handsome,

He brought along with him rare gifts,

Knowing the Souldiers wanted shifts,

He came well stock'd with Canvas suits,

Good lockram shirts, and well vamp'd Boots,

Besides, for Food, Basket of Naples,

And, in his Pocket, mellow Apples,

For State, with him bore an attendant,

A Dog-whip with a Bell at th' end on't,

To th' Tent where *Agamemnon* kept her,

And told him 'twas *Apollo's* Scepter,

Be

With

Homer *As is Made*

With him there came another carle, and
 Bore after him the parish Garland,
 That Garland which did hang before
 Over *Apollo's* Chancell door,
 Thus coming to the *Gracian* Navy,
 He doff't his Cap, and cry'd God save ye
 To all the *Greeks*, to each *Atrides*
 Specially, who the peoples guide is,
 Then tilting down's head, up his breech,
 He thus began to make a Speech,
 Right worshipfull, you both *Atrides*,
 And those that sit o' th bench beside ye,
 * You throng of *Gracians* altogether,
 Whose Boots are made of good Neats Lether
 Were *Jove* so much your Friend as I am,
 You quickly should vanquish King *Priam*,
 I wish that all the Gods would lend
 Their help to bring *Troy* to its end,
 And bring you to your parish a'ter.
 In the mean time pray free my Daughter,

¶ *Ἄνθρωπος ὁ ἀρχαῖος ὁ ἀρχαῖος*

Acc

Accepting what I humbly offer,
Brought hither out of my Wives Coffer,
Herein you shall *Apollo* reverence,
And make him of your party ever hence.

As soon as all the Souldiers heard it,
For *Chryses* streight they gave their verdict,
For the poor varlets mouths did water
More at his trinckets then his Daughter,
And therefore thought fit to respect
The Priest, and not his gifts reject,
Onely, amongst them all, *Agamemnon*
Began to curse and dam,
And, ceasing not to rant and sweare,
Sent him home with a Fly in's ear,

Quoth he, Old man, I give thee notice,
Woe be to him that in thy coat is,
If ever *Agamemnon* catches
Him in our Ships, though under hatches,
Sexton ile spoyle you for a ringer,
If any longer here you linger,

If e're you come again to'th Navy,
 You'le find your Scepter will not save ye,
 If ever here again you dare land,
 You'l find no favour for your Garland,
 As for the Wench, I'le not part with her
 Till age hath render'd her whittlether,
 With me she shall stay in the mean while.
 (Though from her parish it were ten mile)
 She shall not once budge from my quarters,
 (a) But there shal' weave bonelace and garten
 And with me rumble shall in the straw
 Oft'ner then my wife *Clytemnestra*,
 Therefore begon, provoke me not,
 Or else by — — thou go'st to pot!

Old Chryses for fear almost dead,
 Shrinking his ears close to his head,
 And not attempting one word more,
 March'd silently along the shore,
 But all the way, in wofull postures
 (b) He mutter'd backward *Pater noster*;

(a) ἵσθι καὶ χερσὶν ἔργα.

(b) — Ἡπείθε' ἱερὰ ποιεῖ.

Making his Prayer to King *Apello*,
Latoe's son, as here doth follow.

Quoth he look thou on my hearts wounds
 That dost in *Chryse* (a) walk the rounds,
 O thou which *Cylla* guardest ever,
 And *Tenedos*, with silver quiver,
 Thou heavenly (b) rat-catcher, if ere
 I'th temple I made thee good cheer,
 Or have e're flung the fat i'th fire
 Of Bulls, or Goats, grant my desire,
 For thine own honour think upon't,
 And let the *Greeks* rue this affront.

Thus, whining, pray'd this great old lubberd,
 The chinkes in's cheeks with tears all blobberd,
Apello hears him and forth put's
 From high *Olympus* vext at guts,
 His Bow in rage he straight flung over
 His Back, and's Quiver (c) with close cover,
 And as he went his angry Arrows
 Rumbled, as if th' had been wheel-barrows,

(a) *Ἀμφιγύνη*, (b) *Συρίδις* (c) *Ἀμφοτέρωθεν*
 B 4 Pulling

Pulling his Cap down o're his face,
 He stole in a night walkers pace,
 He came, and sat behind the boats,
 Drew's bow, and cry'd have at your coates,
 Straight a broad arrow he let go,
 Twang say's the string of's Silver Bow,
 All his first shootes he made at random,
 Or else no living wight durst stand 'em,
 The first Bolt that he shot, did chance
 Against a Mule's fifth rib to glance;
 The very next, beleeve me Sirs,
 Did light among the fisting Curs.
 This of the beasts having made havock,
 He turn'd his javelins against the folke,
 And from among them forthwith flyes one
 Whose forked head was dip't in poison,
 Which went directly as a line,
 This trade continu'd whole days nine,
 And all this while, I can assure you, all
 That dy'd, could scarce get decent buriall,

*Exaggerates.

Some

Some they were faine to burne like witches,
Others were thrown by heapes in ditches,

At last when the tenth day was come once,
Achilles sent about his summons,
To give all notice, that they meet
In all post hast, at a court leete;
For *Juno*, with her dirty Fists,
(Yet cleanlyer above the wrists)
Minded him to seek out a wizard,
For it did vex her to the gizard,
I'th midst of all their warlike hurrying,
To see the *Gracians* die o'th muraine,
Then thus, as soon as all the commons
Were met according to their summons,
Achilles, * nimble as any lacky,
Starts up amongst them, and thus spake he,

Quoth he, right worshipful *Atrides*,
Either my guess o'th matter wide is,
Or home again we all must go
To save our lives, glad we scape so,

* *Πρότερος* *πρότερος*.

For

For all our Souldiers, on my word,
 Can't long hold out 'gainst plague, and sword
 In all our camp they'l soon leave no man,
 Therefore let's find out some wise woman,
 Or some old Priest t' interpret dreames,
 And free us from these two extreames,
 (For dreames from *Jupiter* are sent,)
 So may we know *Phabus's* intent
 Or what a pox should be the matter
 Why he this plague 'mongst us should scatter
 Whether it be cause we did faile him
 In paying our vows, or what should ay'le him
 Or else whether the reason lyes
 In our default of sacrifice,
 Or whether he'l be reconcil'd
 With th' steam of mutton rost, or boyl'd,
 Or if he'l cure us of this pox
 For the choyce Kids in all our flocks,
 Thus, having ended his fair speech,
 He sate him down again on's breech;
 Who starts me up when he had done?
 But cunning *Calchas*, *Thestor's* Son,

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Well wot he whatsoe're birds spoke,
Whether Owles hoop, or Ravens croke,
Nor did he onely understand
Things that were present, and at hand,
But that which was to be anon,
And what pass'd thousand years agoe,
When first the *Gracians* boy'd up sayle
For *Troy* towne, in their coats of Male,
Then this wise *Calchas* was their Pilot,
Which office fell not to him by lot,
But was confer'd upon his merit,
'Cause he had a familiar spirit,

This fortune-teller, thus endow'd
As hath been said, mannerly bow'd,
Then said, Darling of *Jove*, *Achilles*,
You bid me say what *Phœbus*'s will is,
Which I'll perform, but first d'ye here,
I'll make you promise me, and swear
That you'll stand by me, and assist
What e're I say with your clutch't fist,

And

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And that you'll heartily incourage;
 And keep me safe from threatning, or rage,
 What e're I say you must avouch,
 For I beleeve, my words will touch
 To th' very quick some great commander,
 (And yet I swear they are no slander)
 And that you know 's as bad, or worse,
 Then currying a galled horse,
 For why? you know, a Captaine's more
 Powerful when next, then e're before,
 And though he for the present smother
 His rage perhaps, yet at some other
 Time 'twill break out, when e're a suiting
 Occasion comes fort's executing,
 When e're he finds the other armless,
 Then tell me, wilt thou save me harmless?
 Then spake *Achilles* swift of pace,
 Fear not, (quoth he) take heart of grace,
 What e're thou hast to say, be't best or
 worst, speake it out thou son of *Thetis*;

I swear by *Phœbus* great *Jove's* darling,
Thou shalt not need fear any sharding,
Whil'st thou the oracle dost expound,
As long as I am above ground,
And have mine eyes open, so long
None of the *Greeks* shall do thee wrong,
And on my honest word I tell ye,
No boat contains in's hollow belly,
The man that dares lay hands upon
Thee, though thou saiest *Agamemnon*,
Who (and good reason for't) doth boast
Himself Commander of the host

Then the harmlesse wizard 'gan to take
A good heart to him; and thus spake,
'Tis not for breaking of ingagement,
That *Phœbus* is in this inragement,
Nor doth he to this plague us doome
Because he wants a Hecatombe,
But 'tis because *Agamemnon*
In scorne bid *Chryses* get him gone,

And

And neither took the gifts he brought here,
 Nor yet would give him back his Daughter,
 Therefore e're since this (a) cunning Archer
 Hath been as mad as any March Hare,
 And hitherto hath laid plagues on
 Us, and resolves ne're to have done
 Till we the black-ey'd Girl restore,
 And set her down at her Dads dore,
 Bringing her thither in our Barges,
 And bearing all her Journeys charges,
 And with her we must give Old *Chryses*
 A goodly fight of Sacrifices,
 And then *Apollo* will grow mild,
 And easily be reconcil'd.

When he had said thus, he sat down;
 Then, shewing 's anger in a frown,
Agamemnon rose, (or he bely'd is)
 Who by his Sir-name hight *Atrides*,
 He swell'd, and then lookt black with ire,
 (b) His eyes cast sparkes like charcoale fire,

(a) ΕΛΠΙΖΩΝΤΕΣ

(b) — Οὐκ ἔτι ἐν πυρὶ λαμπρῶντι ἐκίπτε.

(a) Then first he furiously did blink on
Calchas, like the Divell o're *Lincoln*,
 Then thus belpake him, ne're had I
 From thy mouth yet good Prophecy,
 Thou damnable, unlucky, villanous,
 Wizard, thou lov'st still to speake ill on us,
 Thou onely dost contention breed,
 Ne're speak'st good word, nor dost good deed,
 And now you tell the *Greeks* y'have found,
 VVhil'st you the Oracle expound,
 That long of me haps all this slaughter,
 Because I keep old *G'ryses* Daughter
 Perforce, and would not take his present,
 That therefore on us this plague he sent,
 Indeed I love the wench a life,
 More then I do my lawfull VVife,
 For better huswife ne're trod leather,
 And, to say truth, she's not beneath her

(c) Καὶ ἄρα τιν' ἀπαγορεύειν τὸν πόλεμον· οὐκ ἔστιν.

Nci

Neither for wit, nor yet for feature;
 Nor for her gentle loving nature,
 But for all this, an't must be so,
 With all my heart I'll let her go,
 For who can helpe it? I had rather
 Save my own troop, then my own father,
 I'll give consent, and ne're ask why so,
 But alwaies making this proviso,
 Neighbours, I should be very sorry
 To loose by th^e Kindness I have for ye,
 Therefore I hope, when she is gone,
 You will not leave me thus alone,
 For, is there any reason why
 Each man should have his wench but I?
 And truly I should be the loather
 To leave her but for hopes of other,
 I quitther for the publick ends,
 The publick must make me amends.

Achilles, footed like a dancer,
 Starts up, and makes him streight this answer

Quo

Quoth he, Ambitious *Atrides*
Thy greedy mind ne're satisf'd is,
Such Avarice was never heard on,
How should the *Greekes* give thee a guerdon
Doth any man know, with a pocks,
What thou'dst have? we've no common stock,
What ere from Citties we have plundred,
Divided is 'mongst many a hundred,
Dost thinke any will leave his share on't
There's no such fooles I faith, I warrant,
If thou'lt be willing to present her
To th'god at present at a venture,
When by us any more girles are gain'd
You'le not repent you have thus bargain'd,
For her we'l give rich interest
In three or fowre more of the best,
As soon as *Jove* will let's destroy
This paltry mudwall'd burough *Troy*,
Then *Agamemnon* gan to make him
Answer to this, and thus bespake him,

Hold hold *Achilles*, though th' hadst been,
 As good a man as *George a Green*,
 Although thou wert a pretty fellow,
 Then any man that liues here below,
 Thinke not that thus thou shalt me *Cokes*,
 And bore my nose, like *John a Nokes*,
 Though th' art the bravest of thy inches,
 Shall't nere ore reach me with thy clinches,
 whilst thou art furnish'd with females,
 Should I sit downe and suck my nayles?
 You bid me let my Doxy goe,
 But first I must know whither or noe
 The lusty *Gracians* will binde
 Themselves to sit me to my mind
 With some one else, and tis but right
 But if in case you all deny't
 Ile take a girl where ere I list
 And let me see who dares resist
 Thyne, or *Whiffes*, or *Ajax*,
 As sure as eke coates on your backs,

To loose his girl I know it would
 Ulex any, but I must make bold,
 But of this we'l discourse here a'ter,
 At present lets draw downe to th' water
 A lighter us'd to carry sea-coale,
 Whose pitchy backs as black as the coale;
 In it let's place some luscious barge men,
 Such as amongst us are most large men,
 With them the Hecatombe, when she is
 Ready to launch forth, bring *Chryseis*,
 Then let a Steersman goe aboard her,
 The waryest our campe can afford her,
Ajax, or else *Idomeneus*,
 Or, if they both desire excuse,
 Let 't be *Ulysses*, if his will is
 To stay at home; go thou *Achilles*,
 Who hast such dreadfull goggle eyes,
 For us to *Phœbus* sacrifice,

καὶ τὴν ἑκατόμβην αὐτῇ.

Light-foot *Achilles* twice or thrice
 Star'd at him like a cockatrice,
 Then spake, (pausing a little while)
 Thou bundle of impudence and guile,
 How canst thou entertain a thought,
 That ere the *Gracians* should be brought
 By virtue of command from you,
 To charge the foe, or lye perdue?
 Dost thinke that I come for my owne
 Interest to besiege *Troy* towne?
 Or charge their pikemen? by the masse
 On my ground they did nere trespassse,
 They never with mee play'd the thieves,
 Or stole my horses, or my beeves,
 Nor ere in *Phthye* (whose rich pastures
 With good increase doth feed their masters,)
 Came they ith' dead of dark night creeping,
 * To rob my orchards of one pipin,

* ἄρπον ἰσχυρήν.

Homer *A la Mode.*

31

Or genet moyle ; the reason's plain,
Because betwixt them lyes the mayne,
* Ditches and banks on which are thick set
Crab-trees, and poynant thornes of quick-few:
The cause that did to *Troy* towne draw us,
Was to right wronged *Menelaus*,
Onely to please the mind, *Jove* knows,
Of that good man, † and you dogs nose :
But all our service is forgot,
Our courtesie you value not,
But sweare you'll rob me of my hire,
Which I'me sure I got out oth' fire,
And since it was the *Gracians* gift,
To keep it, I shall make a shift,
I'me sure with you I sha'nt part stakes,
When ere the *Gracian* army takes
Troy towne, this little tidy ham,
As full of men as ere't can cram,

* ὅτις τὴν οὐρίαντα δαΐδαται τὴν ἡγήσαντα.
† οὐδὲ τὴν κρυψάντα.

And yet though th'warres continue an age,
 Most part of them my hands must manage,
 When we come to divide the spoyle,
 Thou alwayes tak'st a huge great pile,
 But if I get a little heap,
 T'is all that e're my labours reap,
 For which I'me thankfull, and goe mery
 With it along to my owne whery,
 But now I bid you all God b'wy ye,
 For my part Ile go home to *Phthie*,
 There Ile stay with my Sea-coale lighters,
 And ne're thinke of the *Gracian* fighters,
 For truly I thinke that's far better,
 Without me little can you get here:
 You neyer shall again disparage
 Me, with your unmannerly carriage.
Agamemnon Captain of the Rount
 Answer'd, mary if y'are so stout,
 With all my heart, I faith, be jogging,
 Ile never call you back by cogging.

Here

Since *Phæbus* ask's my concubine,
 I'll send her in a boate of mine,
 Besides two or three of my men
 I'll send along with her, but then
 I'll come my selfe as sure as she is
 Alive, and take away *Briseis*,
 She whose cheekes are as red as cherries,
 And bring her home in my owne wheries,
 From thy tent, whereby thou shalt know
 That I am none of thy fellow,
 And this I'll doe that others may
 By an example learne t' obey,
 And tremble ever to our braue
 Me, as thou dost, thou saucy knave,

This when *Achilles* heard, a sadness
 Seiz'd him, he could have cry'de for madness;
 Whilst he bethought him what was best,
 His heart nigh brake in's shaggy brest,
 He'd faine have drawne his trusty dudgeon,
 And been the death of that cormudgion,

Because he talk'd to him so furly,
But that he fear'd a hurly burly,
His mind, when he thought better on't,
Was to have put up the affront,
But then again he thought it base
To put up such a foule disgrace,
Standing and doubting thus with in a yard
Of *Agamemnon*, he drew's whinyard,
And whilst, he scarce yet knew's own mind,
Who comes me stealing in behind,
(Sent from one *Pheno*, an old witch,
Whose wrists were white with scurfe, and itch
Who lov'd 'em dearly both) but a lass
That liv'd with her, whose name was *Pallas*;
She striking him two or three wherets
O'th ears, *tooke hold of's bunch of carrets,
Her shape seen onely by *Pelides*,
By none of all the rest espy'd is,

* *ἔλαβεν τὴν κόμην αὐτοῦ*—

Achilles

Achilles wondred who should be
 So bold, and turn'd about to see,
 And staring at her, straight her knew,
 Although she look't then deadly skew,
 And Bawling at her, these words utter'd,
 As swift as if his tongue were butter'd.

Daughter of *Jove* * that of Goats lether
 Wears doublets what wind brought thee hither
 Art come to testify the slander
 Thrown on me by *Atrides* yonder
 I'll tell the one thing, and that truly
 He presently shall come of Blewly,
 For by these crusty hiles, this strife,
 If I miss not, shall cost his life,

To him then thus said bleare ey'd *Pallas*,
 Art mad? What, dost not fear the gallows?
 My dame, which too well loves you all,
 Hath sent me to compose this brawl,

* *Αἰγόχοις Δίος*

I me

Time sent by *Juno* with white wrists
 To keep the peace, and hold your fists,
 Therefore hands off, do not thou draw
 Thy sword, agree, you know the Law
 Is costly, if you please you may
 Berogue and rascall him all day,
 For this I tell you, and 'tis true,
 This combare he shall dearly rue,
 He shall e're long be put to's shifts,
 And court you with three times these gifts,
 Prethee therefore put up thy toole,
 say thou wer't once rul'd by a fool,
 Then said *Achilles* light of feet,
 If she command me, then so be it,
 we must of force obey old wives
 Needes must he go the Dive'll drives,
 Though I were vex'd, and nere so bold,
 I dare not strike when she bids hold,
 * I know if I be rul'd by thee,
 Thou'lt do as much again for mee,

* Ος κα θεῶς ἐπιτεῖ δαται μάλα τ' ἐκ λυοῦ αὐτοῦ

This

This said, e're any blood was spilt,
 He put his fist in's basket hilt,
 To th' scabbard that did it in viron
 He thrust again his fighting Iron.

When *Pallas* saw't, she tooke her flight
 A stride a cowl-staffe, out of sight,
 And streight, before one could have mist her,
 She was, where she had many a sister,
 That sate in *Joves* house daily working,
 That *Jove* that weares a goates skin jerkin,
 Meane while, *Achilles* kept the peace,
 But to berogue him did not cease,
 Quoth he, * thou drunken, dogs-face, coward,
 There's all the parish can tell how hard
 *Tis for us ever to perswade,
 Thee to lie in an ambuscade
 Nor ever will thy faint heart yeild
 To put on armor for the field,

* Οἰνοβαφὴς κυνὸς ὄμαζεν ἔχων κραδίη δ' ἐλάφῳ.

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Y' had rather live on what you pillage,
 By these dog-tricks, from your own village,
 Forsooth if any contradict
 You, streight his pockets must be pickt,
 'Tis forty pittys th' hast such power
 Thy poor dragoons thus to deuoure
 But, for my part, I tell you playne
 You nere shall rayle at me againe.

But this I say, and if I tooke,
 To it my oath upon a booke,
 I should not be forsworne, I sweare
 By this comanding club I beare,
 * This club that nere againe shall bring
 Forth blofomes, for twas cut last spring
 Out of the Copse where't grew before,
 And now tis dayntyly guilt ore,
 (a) Borne by a *Gracian* Constable,
 To keepe the peace among the rable,

*—Θορύβου διαπέλοι ὅτι θήματα.

(a) πρὸς Διδε κίβηται—

And yet I tell you that's an oath
 To break which I'de be very loath,
 I swear, and I will ne're draw back,
 That when the *Greeks* my ayd do lack,
 Which will be shortly, I conjecture,
 When they fall into 'th hands of *Hector*,
 Then thou in vain shalt fret at heart,
 And fret thou shalt 't stil for my part,
 Then wilt thou rue the time and place
 Where thou the stout st *Greek* didst disgrace.

So when he had said, he did doff his
 Cap, and * flung down his staffe of office,
 On which the badge, and name o' th town
 Was writ in gold, besides his own,

And sare him down upon his bum,
 When streightway with a hauk and hum,
 To clear his cough, there rose up aged
Nestor (the while *Atrides* raged)

* —Εἶπεν δὲ ἐκβάντων βέλος ἔειπεν
 Χρυσόστοις ἡλίοιο πικρὸν ἔειπεν—

Well-spoken Nestor, (a) from whose chops
 Flow'd hony words as fast as hops,
 He was *Pylian*, and had bore
 All offices i'th parish o're:
 (b) Two years together he had tooke
 On him the keeping o'th Church Book,
 In which he faithfully writ down
 Those that were born, and dy'd i'th town;
 And that year, least th' accounts should erre,
 He was the third time register;
 This yeoman mongst them up did rise,
 And made this preachment grave and wise,
 Gods bobs, quoth he, how great a sorrow
 Will this bring all the parish thorough!
 This will make *Priamus* rejoyce,
 And with him all his *Trojan* boys;

(a) Τὸ αὖ ἐκ τοῦ γλῶττός τε καὶ τοῦ στόματος ὡς ὅτι ἡ γλῶττος ἡ φωνή.

(b) Τὸ δὲ ἔτι καὶ ὅτι ἡ γλῶττος ἡ φωνή ἡ γλῶττος ἡ φωνή.
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He'll be at heart glad, when he hears
 You're fal'n together by the ears,
 You Sir that are the *Greeks* conductor,
 And you that are their grave instructor,
 Leave off, and be rul'd by me rather,
 I'me old enough to be your father,
 I have been bred I tell you true,
 With many men as good as you,
 And none of them ever despis'd
 To doe the thing that I adviz'd;
 And no disparagement, I may say
 You shan't see in a summers day
 Such as *Pirit* home, and *Dryas*
 The sheaphard, that liv'd here hard by us;
 Besides *Exadus*, and *Ceneus*,
 Men who in war were of no mean use;
 And then another, who may seem as
 Though he was *Joves* Son, *Polyphemus*,
 And *Thesens*, of whom we come short all
 You would have sworn h' had been immortall

These

These were stout men as ere were borne,
 Or that ere eate bread made of corne,
 And though I say't, many a hard battle
 They fought in fields with neighbours cattle,
 And butcher'd them in cruell manners,
 And after sold their hides to tanners,
 I of this gang for some short while was,
 When I did travell out of *Pylus*,
 And, lest the hue and cry should seize us,
 We trudg'd out of *Peloponessus*,
 Then did I, as well as I cou'd,
 Rob pastures for my livelihood,
 They took mee with them at the first,
 No man liv'd in those dayes that durst
 Fight with these kilcows, and yet they
 What I adviz'd would still obey,
 Do as these men did then, pray do Sirs,
 By my advice you'll be no loosers,

ο ἐκπύλας ἐπὶ λαοῖς.

D

And

And though you, *Agamemnon*, may,
Pray doe not take the *wench* away,
Prethee for my sake let him have her,
Because to him the *Gracians* gave her,
To give a thing and take a thing
You know is the Devils gold ring,
And you, *Achilles*, pray forbear
Against the Generall to sweare,
How can you think your honour even
With his, which is bestow'd by heaven?
'Tis *Love* hath given him his place,
In signe of which he beares a mace,
What though you be a good pedegree?
And are a lusty fellow? he
Must take place of you, and that duly,
He is your generall, and must rule ye,
And many more; for you, *Atrides*,
Soone as your anger pacify'd is,
Achilles I shall reconcile,
And put an end to his mad coyle,

For' in this war, without a bragg,
He's the best peare in all our bagg,

Thus *Nestor* gave in his opinion,
When next, *Atrides*, whose dominion
Reach't far and wide reply'd, says he

I may gaffer, there i'me w'ye,

But this contentious rascall here,

Over us all will domineere,

He would command, as who should most,

And with his nod would rule the rost,

But here I doubt he'l scarce find those

That will be tame at his dispose,

What though he could tosse a long pike,

Soe well that none could doe the like,

It's therefore fit he should be bold

To rayle at any uncontroll'd?

To this *Achilles* answer made,

'Scapping him up ere h' had quite sayd,

Quoth he well might a man suppose,

If I should be led by the nose

Whether pleas'd thee, I were a coward,
 But I'me as good a man as thou art;
 Therefore command your boyes, that can
 Obey, you'll find I am a man.

And yet Ile tell you one thing more,
 Which I'de almost forgot before,
 Pray lay't to heart, I'll make no putter
 With you, or else with any other
 About the wench, because, like boyes,
 You give and aske againe your toyes;
 But as for any thing beside
 A board my boats, let it be try'd
 Whether thou dar'st touch them or no,
 Without my leave, all these shall know
 I can defend my owne, thy gore
 Shall staine my long speare o're and o're,
 These two still wrangling in this sort,
 With an O yes dissolv'd the Court,
 And all went to their severall charges,
 Some to their tents, some to their barges.

Achilles

Achilles, like a sad male-content,
 March'd off directly to his owne tent,
 And with him went *Menetades*,
 And many more of his comrades.

Meane while *Atrides* did not dally,
 But streight prepares mee a swift gally,
 And, shoving it off from the shore,
 Put twenty men, each to an oare,
 Then, with the Hecatombe, the *Greeks*
Chryseis brought with chery cheeks,
 And after this, the cunning seer
Ulysses went aboard to steer,
 And so they sayl'd along together,
 For th'present 'tis no matter whether.

Meane while *Atrides*, by all meanes,
 Would all the camp from rubbish cleanse,
 To which end men were put in trust,
 To cry about, *Bring out your Dust*,
 Which in carts carry'd to the shore,
 Was throwne i'th sea, and seen no more.

When that was tumbled downe the ocean,
 They fell forthwith to their devotion,
 And ty'd upon *Apollon* altars
 A hundred bulls and goates with balters,
 Whose steam went up with such a smoake,
 As if it would *Apollon* choake.
 Thus the while all the camp throughout
 The sacrifice busy'd the rout,
Agamemnon not intending to misse
 That which in fury he did promise,
 That which he did *Achilles* threaten
 When by him he was almost beaten,
Talthybius calls, and *Eurybates*,
 Who in all messages his mate is,
 (These were two fellows that dwelt neer hand
 And us'd to run on ev'ry errand,
 They wore blew coats, and the towne badges
 For why? the towne paid them their wages,
 Nor us'd they onely to run post,
 But sometimes cry'd things that were lost

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About the towne on Market dayes)
And to them said, goe you your wayes
To th quarters of *Achilles*, and
Take me *Briseis* by the hand,
Bring her, if he'll not let her goe,
Take mee her whether he will or no,
Or else my selfe I'le come in person,
And will make him deliver her soon,
I'le bring a file of Musketeers
And pull him out on's Tent by th' eares,
Therefore command him at the first
To yeeld her, and prevent the worst,
Then, giving under's hand a warrant,
He sent them with this surly errand,
Which he no sooner had quite spake,
But they march'd off, like beares to th'stake,
Their eares like sheep-biters they hang'd,
And by the barren sea shore gang'd.

When they came where he did intrench
His *Myrmedons*, upon a bench

They found him sitting, 'twixt his boat
 And tent, mending his ragged coat
 Ith' Sun shine, and hard by the staires
 Where all his scullers ply'd for fares,
 * Spying them, he did nothing lesse
 Then leap for joy, you well may guesse;
 The foot-posts too backward did sneake,
 And out of fear could hardly speake,
 But there, like loggerheads, stood scraping;

Achilles knowing by their gaping
 What they did meane, Give you good 'en,
 Quoth he, ye posts of gods and men,
 Come near house pray, you have done nought
 Against mee, 'tis *Atrides* fault,
 Of you I shall not thinke the worse,
 But put the saddle oth' right horse,
 I know the reason why you came, as well
 As he that sent you, for the damazell;

Ἰδὼν δ' ἅπαντες ἄλλοι τεύχεα καὶ ἄρματα.

Therefore

Therefore *Patroclus* pray deliver
The wench to them, that they may give her
To him that sent them, and wit you well
My friends and neighbours, and your cruell
Landlord, by all the gods Ile ne're
With club in hand 'mongst you appeare,
Though 'twere to save you all alive,
And *Trojans* from your doors to drive,
No, let them make you all their slaves,
As for his part, he's mad, and raves;
He hath no forecast in his noddle
The *Greeke* Battalia to modell,
That they might 'mongst their boats be safe,
He can do nought but fret and chafe.

Thus when he said, *Patroclus* went,
As he was bid, into the tent,
And brought *Briseis* from her needles
And samplers, to the two towne beedles;
And gave her, scarce without a grudge,
Away they to the navy trudge,

And

And she along with them did trot,
But with a heavy heart, God wot.

Achilles now, like a great lout,
Sate him apart from all the rout,
And vex'd because h' had lost his bride,
Sate pensively upon the side
Oth' sea that look'd like Muskadine,
And thus to's mother he did whine.

Rearing his fists, Mother, quoth hee,
In an ill howre you groan'd for mee,
Would I had layne ith' parly-bed
Still, if so soon I must be dead,
Honor I thought I should have got
From *Jove* who gives mee nev'r a jot,
But scandall, for just now *Atrides*
Whose jurisdiction far and wide is,
Hath sent foot-posts, who are gone with
My concubine spight of my teeth,

His mother being within call
By good luck, heard him cry and ball,

* As with her father she was diving,
 And catching craw-fish for her living,
 (For she belong'd to Billingsgate,
 And often times had rid in state,
 And sat i'th bottome of a poole,
 Inthroned in a cucking-stoole;) *3*
 She, hearing him rose * like a mist,
 As wet as though she were bepist,

As soon as she close to him came,
 She spake, and call'd him by his name,
 Stroking him on the head, Pigsnay,
 Quoth she, tell me, who made it cry?
 Speake, tell me which of all the boys
 Beat it? or tooke away its toys?
 He pay 'em be they one or t'other:
 Come, dry thine eyes, tell thine own mother.

Achilles, sobbing still, thus spake,
 And 'twixt each word his chops did quake,

* *Ἡμεῖς ἐν βήθεισιν ἀλός παραπύρῳ γίγμεν*

* *Ἡὐτ' ἡμίχλη.*

Why

Why should I tel you? you do know,
 I'me sure, already well enough,
 For in the parish there is no man
 But that doth count you a wise woman,
 But if so be I needs must tell
 My cause of grieve, thus it befell,
 We went to *Thebes*, not long ago,
 The city of *Eteich*,
 Which our *Greeke* companies did sack,
 And brought a world of plunder back,
 Which when they had divided, fair
Chryseis fell t' *Atrides* share,
 But afterwards, *Chryses* the *Flamen*
 Of *Phabus*, with some other lay-men,
 Wayting on him, came to the boates
 Of the *Greeke* soldiers* with red coates,
 To ransom the fair maid, and they meant
 To give him for her present payment,

* Χαλκοναγῆρας.

They brought rich presents too from their land,
For state the scepter and the garland in hand
Of great *Apollo*, who's as good
At pricks and butts as *Robin Hood*,
Thus he made humble supplication
To all the *Gracian* congregation,
But specially, above all others,
To both the camp-controuling brothers,
Now every *Greek*, except *Atrides*,
Presently on old *Chryses* side is,
And in one vote do all agree,
For's gifts to set his daughter free,
And give him due respect, but onely
Atrides, that did love her fondly,
Was not contented with his humble
Petition, but at it did grumble,
And not affording him a civill
Answer, bid him begon to th'devill,

Chryses in wrath went home againe,
Whom his friend *Phobus* heard complaine,

And

And 'mongst the *Greeks* sent a damned weapon
Which made the people streight dye heap on
Heap, whil' st *Apollo's* poysonous arrow
Flew the *Greek* Army thorough and thorough,
Till at the last we found a Prophet
That told us all the meaning of it,
And being a cunning Necromancer,
From *Phæbus* Oracle made answer:

Then first of all, I did advise
T' appeale the God by sacrifice,
And humbly to intreat his pardon,
When *Agamemnon* rising star'd on
Me in a rage, threatned, and storm'd,
And what he threatn'd, hath perform'd,
For he prepar'd a boat, and fraught her
With gifts, and sent home *Chryses* daughter,
And black ey'd *Greeks* sent from the Navy
To *Phæbus* go to cry peccavi,
But which doth vex me most, he sent
Just now two beedles to my tent,

To bring my girl home for his use,
Judge you if this ben't an abuse,
Unless therefore you help your son
Some way or other, he's undone,
You may go up to high *Olympus*
Where *Jupiter* doth live, and him buss,
Then ask (taking him in the mood)
If ever you have done him good
At heart, by word, or else by deed,
He'd help you now, I'me sure you'le speed;
I've heard you tell i'th chimney corner
A tale how that ere I was born or
Legot, by your sole ayde scowring
Clondy *Saturnius* scap'd a scowring,
When all the rest of's imps did bragg
That they'd their father bind and gagg,
The plotters *Pallas*, and *Neptune*, who
Was a fish-monger, and dame *Juno*,
You knowing what they had design'd
Bindred them *Jupiter* to bind,

Calling

Calling with speed up to his starry house
 A lusty fellow nam'd *Briareus*,
 By all in heaven, but when he on
 The earth did live, he hight *Aegeon*;
 This fellow had an hundred hands Sir,
 * And was a stouter man than's Grandfire,
 And sate him downie next to *Joves* chaire
 As proud as if h'had been Lord Mayor,
 While he sate there, all the immortall
 Gods dreaded *Jove*, that spoyl'd their sport all,
 Therefore when next you come to his
 House, pray put him in mind of this,
 Then towards him draw your stoole nigher,
 And stroake his knees, or something higher,
 Wish him t' assist the *Trojan* pikemen,
 That they may order matters like men,
 And that they may the *Gracians* slaughter
 Among their boats, and in the water,

* ἑκατόχειρ ἀμύντωρ.

That

That every one may have enough
 Of their commander that's so gruff,
 And that it may be to all them knowne;
 Specially to proud *Agamemnon*,
 How far he erred from the right
 Whilst he the stoutest *Greeke* did fight;
 Then *Thetis* an' ring him did whine,
 And from her blood-shot eyes flow'd brine;
 Woes me, my boy, quoth she, accurst
 Be the time where in thou wert nurs't,
 Would thou hadst fate still at thy wherry,
 Without this wrong and sorrow, mery;
 For now thy life is short and bitter,
 Thou wer't bewitch'd of all my litter;
 But yet let me alone, I warrant
 To *Jupiter* I'll doe thy errand,
 For I my selfe in person will
 Goe to his house, upon Snow-hill,

* Ὀδυσσεύς, κ' ἄλλοι πολλοί.

10 *Home A la Mode*

In the meane while sit here about,
 Nere home, and at the *Gracians* pout,
 But meddle not with any fray,
 I charge you keep out of harmes way,
 * For *Jove*, and all his household a'ter
 Him, yesterday went crosse the water,
 To th'signe of the black boy in Southwarke;
 To th'Ord'nary to find his mouth worke;
 Where he intends to fuddle's nose
 This fortnight yee, under the rose,
 When he comes home, Ile watch my time,
 And up the hill to's house Ile clime,
 To that house which he hath by lease-hold,
 † With th' horse, shabe Indyl'd upon the chole,
 Then, as thou told'st me, Ile petition't, (shole
 And I believe I shall not misse on't,
 Thus when sh'bad said, she did depart,
 And left him there, vex'd at the heart.

* Ζῆς ὁ ἐν ὠκυμένη κατ' ἀμύμονας Ἀδωνίης
 Χθίζε ἔβη ἐν δαίτη (Ζῆς δ' ἀμὰ πέρτης ἔπειτα)
 † χαλκοβατὶς δὲ.

Homer *A la Mode.*

51

For th'wench, which was not long agoe
Tooke from him wheth'r he would or no.

But hold a little, methinkes this is
Too long o'th' sea to leave *Ulysses*,
Who brought the *Gracians* off'ring, by seas,
And the girle home again to *Chryses*,
Who now by this time did arive
At a wharfe, almost, like Queen-hive,
Then tooke they downe their saile, and mast,
And other tackle, in all hast;
Which when they had i'th' bottom 'stow'd,
One side held water, t'other row'd;
Then throwing out their hooks before,
They fastned them, and leapt a shore,
Then did they bring forth of the hollow
Lighrer, the Hecatombe for *Apollo*,
And next of all, in a black scarfe,
Chrysis set foot on the wharfe,
Her did *Ulysses* full of guile
Streight forward lead to the Church stile,

There into th' hands of her nowne daddy
Having deliver'd her, thus sayd he,

O *Chryses*, *Atrides* our Cheistaine,
Who had thy daughter, like a thief, tane,
Hath sent me, both to bring her home,
And to bring *Phabus's* hecatomb,
Ith' name of all the *Gracian* dragoons,
For he hath sent a heavy plague on's,

This sayd, the girle embrac'd her father.
He in his heart is glad he hath her,
But almost before he could touch her,
Each *Greeke* began to play the butcher,
For having plac'd in comely wise
About the greene the sacrifice,
Washing their dirty fists, they take
And offer each an oaten cake,

Then *Chryses* stretch'd his armes, & pray'd
For 'em, as lowd as er'e ass bray'd

Give eare, quoth he, to that which I say
O thou whose white Bow guardeth *Chrysa*,

Tha

That governeſt *Cylla*, and *Tenedos*,
With as much pow'r and might as any does,
Thou that before heard'ſt my petitions,
And honor'd'ſt me, plaguing the *Gracians*,
Heare me I pray thee once againe,
For my ſake eaſe them of their paine,
Thus while he pray'd *Phabus* attended,
Then, after their orisons ended,
They offer'd firſt their cakes of oates,
Then dragg'd the beaſts, & cut their throates,
And from the fleſh ſleying the hide,
I'th next place did the legs divide,
Ore which with skew'rs they ſtuck the cawle
Double, and ore that gobbets ſmall;
This, on cleft wood fetch't out of's garret
The old man burnt, powring on't claret;
About him many ſcullions were,
Each charging a broach like a ſpeare,
As ſoone as ere the leggs and guts
Were throwne ith' fire, the reſt he cut's

Into

Into small parcels, thus prepar'd
 They streight were spitted by th' black guard-
 As soon as all was roast enough, and
 Ready to take up, this cook Ruffian
 To's trusty turn-spits gave the word
 To bring it to the dresser board,
 The drudg'ry o're, themselves they placed
 On their bums, without any grace said; (e're
 Amongst them there was none would starve,
 He would consent to be's owne carver,
 Nor was there any there that wou'd
 Owne manners, more then did him good;
 Ev'ry one fell to like a Cormorant,
 And if he lik'd ought, still call'd for more on't,
 Till th'were so cram'd with beef and mutton
 That every one was faine t'unbutton,
 Untill at last there came that happy tide,
 That satisfi'd ev'ry one's appetite,
 Then when they found that nev'r a chinke
 Was left for either meat or drinke,

For what remayn'd they g'an to snatch all,
 And with the scraps eath fill'd his sachell,
 Then dranke they nappy ale in browne bowles,
 Each fil'd to's neighbour, & sent round bowles,
 Which orderly course none did omit,
 Till he was drunke, and 'gan to vomit,
 Thus all the live-long day these tall lads
 Made *Phæbus* sport by finging ballads,

All this while *Phæbus* laugh'd and gigt'd,
 To heare 'im bawle as he were tickl'd,
 Till night came on, and spoyl'd their sport,
 then ev'ry one ith' barge did snort,
 They lay like pigs spewing and yawning
 At one another, till day dawning;

As soon as ere day 'gan to peep,
 They shook their eares and out did creep,
 And homewards did direct their barges,
 Towards the *Greeke* camp which so large is,
 * Which when *Apollo* saw, cry'd he:
 All the wind in mine A— goe w'ye;

* Τὸ πνεῦμα δὲ Ἰουφύου ἔρπον ἵεν ἐκ αὐτοῦ. Ἀπὸ δὲ τούτου,

Then

Then up they hoy'd their sayles, and mast,
 And the boat ran before the blast ;
 And all the way the waves before,
 As the boat cut them through, did roare ;
 Thus comming to * the Greeke camp wide,
 They dragg'd the barge from reach of tide,
 And propping it up from the water,
 Amongst the tents themselves they scatter ;
 But all this while the sturdy son,
 Of *Pelem*, who so fast could run,
 Sate pouting close by his owne gally,
 Nor forth against the foe did sally,
 Nor ever stir'd he from his boat,
 In the Court Martiall to vote ;
 But there he sate crying, and whining,
 With very grieve his owne heart pining,
 Looking as if he were bewitch'd,
 And yet to fight his fingers itch'd.
 Thus twelve dayes pass'd, till all the gods
 With *Jove* return'd to their abodes,

* *span: dup' Axiar.*

Now

Now in the meane time good-wife *Thetis*,
Bearing in mind her son's intreaties,
From the deeps bottome cut a caper
As nimble as any didaper,
And up the hill *Olympus* climes,
To breath her, in the morne betimes,
Where, from the rest apart, she spies
Saturnius with * sawcer eyes,
On one oth' highest stumps alone,
(For on that hill is many a one)
She drawing her a joynt stooll nigh,
Tickl'd him gently on the thigh
With one hand, whilst to'ther did stroake him
Under the chin, then thus bespoke him;

Father, if ere in word or deed
You receiv'd help from me at need,
Fulfill my will, honor my boy,
Who among all that came to *Troy*

* *supra* *caput*:

You

You have made shortest liv'd, beside his
 Other misfortunes, now *Atrides*
 Who governes every *Gracian* yeoman,
 Hath rob'd him of 's beloved lemman;
 But thou, grave, prudent, heavenly, *Iove*,
 Let me intreate thee of all love
 To give the *Trojans* still the day,
 Till all the *Gracian* Souldiers may
 Repent of each abusive action
 Th' have done, and offer satisfaction.

Thus when she had propos'd her suite
 Cloudy *Jove* sate a good while mute;
 And answering her not one whit,
 He look'd as though h' had been be-
 But *Thetis* kept fast hold of s knees,
 And with her hands his leggs did squeeze,
 And vow'd she never would let go
 Till he had answer'd I or no.

Speake out, quoth she, nere muse upon't,
 Tell me either you will or won't

Never

Never fear me, of all the rest
I'm sure I'me she you care for least.

Then cloudy *Jupiter*, being vex'd
To th' very heart, spake these words next,
D'spretious, quoth he, 'twill be fowle worke,
Juno will rate me like a *Turke*,
Beware of making bate among
Us, she, you know, hath a long tongue,
You know she's alwayes us'd to scold
At me, and saith I do up hold
The *Trojans* roysters in their villany,
And never let the *Gracians* kill any,
Get you gone, let her not perceive
That you have spoke to me, and leave
The rest to me, If what I've spoken
You do distrust, Ile give y' a token,
My nod, on that you may rely,
And cannot be deceived, for why?
From me that is the surest signe,
Nor is there any word mine,

If I but nodded when 'twas spoke,
 That can be, or revers'd, or broke;
 * This said, he bends his beetle-browes,
 And's greasie pate demurely bowes,
 Thus, while too forward he enclin'd,
 He could not so well hold behind,
 And not being abl' his wind to containe,
 He let a f— that shook the mountaine,
 Thus they, agreed upon the matter,
 Parted, she rowl'd into the water
 Downe high *Olympus*, *Jupiter*
 Went in a doores, not minding her;
 Whether as soon as he was come,
 Ev'ry one, rising of his bum,
 His children on a row did stand,
 To welcome him with cap in hand,
 Making a leg, nor did they dare
 Do any other then stand bare,

* Η δὲ κατὰ τὴν ἐπὶ ὀλύμπῳ ἔδρῳ Κρονίῳ
 Ἀμφέβηται δ' ἄρα γὰρ τὴν ἐπιβήσαντι ἀνακτὶ
 Κρονὶς αὖτις ἀδανάτοιο μέγας δὲ ἐλάλει Ὀλύμπῳ.

While

While tow'rd his chaire he did passe by:

Then, by the leering cast of's eye

Juno perceiv'd (for she was jealous,

And knew he had been 'mongst good fellows)

That with some wench he had been private,

And such faults she would ne're connive at,

Yet could she not thinke with a p—

With whom, but *'Thetis* ith' white socks

she guess'd at; for she was far yonger

Then her selfe, got by a fishmonger,

And when she could no longer hold,

Thus she at *Jove* began to scold;

Did I but know, thou crafty lecher,

What wench was with thee last, I'de teach her

To be so lusty, thou dost hide

What ere thou dost from me thy bride,

By thy good will I should know nought

Of what e're thou hast done or thought,

Then, on this wife, streight her good man

To make a grave reply began,

* *Ἀγρυπνέζα* Θέος.

Quot

h

Quoth, he dame *Juno*, bold a blow,
 Nere expect all I say to know,
 For, though th' art the wife of my bosome,
 T' shall scape me hard if ere thou know some,
 But as for what becomes a woman
 To know, beleeve me, there is no man
 Shall sooner know't, but of occult
 Businesse when I please to consult
 In private, be not you to curious,
 If you be: I shall be as furious.

Thus he had said, and lowred at her;
 When *Juno*,* with face broad as plater,
 Perceiving him so touchy, cogg'd,
 And made this answer, Lord, how dogged
 You speak? when ere you have been busy'd, I
 Nere, as I know, been too inquisitive,
 For me, you may consult at ease
 O' Gods name abbut what you please,
 Onely, at present, my fear great is
 That you have been colloqu'd by *Thetis*

The Oyſter woman, who weares ſocks
 whiter, for th' moſt part, then her ſmocks,
 For I beleive I might have ſeen
 her to day where I ſhould have been,
 Had I come early to your bed,
 Beſides, the nod of your grave head,
 Or I'me deceiv'd, hath promiſ'd that
 forſooth to honour her baſe bratt,
 You'l be content to run the hazard,
 Of looſing thouſand *Gracians* as hard.

**Love* who makes clouds as black as pitch,
 Answer'd, ſaith I think th' art a witch,
 For thou alwayes art ſo jealous,
 That from thine eyes naught can conceal us,
 And all thy watching's of no force,
 It will make me hate thee worſe and worſe,
 And that you will repent d'ye ſee,
 As for this buſineſs, it ſhall be,
 If it pleaſe me to have it ſo,
 Let's hear whether you dare ſay no,

* *ὑπερλήγουσα Ζῶε.*

Sit you downe housewife, and be quiet,
 If I say ought, be you rul'd by it
 Or else, who ere is on thy side,
 Though Gods, I'll clapperclaw thy hide;

When* broad-fac'd *Juno* had heard this,
 She sare her downe as mute as fish,
 And streight ways down came her proud sister,
 On this, the Gods were all like to make (make)
 An uprore in the house, un till
Vulcan, a blacksmith full of skill,
 That knew what pleas'd his mother best,
 Began this speech among the rest,

These † pest'lent doings are intollerable,
 Quoth he, that things which are so small,
 To set us by th' ears, for these are things (all)
 That concerne men, not us two farthings,
 If this trade hold, as I'me a sinner,
 We had as good ne're come to dinner,

* Εὐρυπρόσωπος. † ὀλέθρια ἔργα.

It will doe us no more good then bare ling,
If we can't eate it without snarling,
And, mother, pray let me perswade ye,
(Although they say y'are a wise lady)
To please and smoothe my father up here,
That he mayn't scold, and spoyle our supper
For, if he will, this Thundrer can
Turn's all out, he's the better man;
But speak him fair, and call him hony,
You know good words doe cost no mony
Call him pigsnay, chicken, and love;
He'll be as gentle as a glove,
He'll soon be pacify'd by coggling:
Whilst he said this, he fill'd a noggin:
Which, ending's speech, he gave to's mother,
And, while she dranke, began another,
Be not so sad, quoth he, beare up
Will mother, and take off your cup,
I love you well, I take my oath,
And therefore should be very loath

F

To

To see you wrong'd, but tis in vaine
 For me, though I would nere so faine,
 To thinke to rescue you from *Iono*,
 Tw'ere eene as good for me nere moue,
 I know, by this my maymed limb
 That there is noe incountring him,
 For by my left leg once he caught
 Me, I remember, when I sought
 To set you free, won by your prayers,
 And flung me headlong downe the staires;
 Twas a long fall, but, God be thanked,
 At last I was caught in a blanket,
 By honest men, whoever them knows,
 That dwell in a place called Lemnos;
 There lay I gasping, and like to dye,
 With scarce any breath in my body,
 Thus when h' had say'd, *Iuno* did sneere,
 And bid her son fill out more beere,
 Which he did, and gave it about
 Into the hands of all the rout,

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Which ev'ry one totally qual' t, e're
 It came from's nose, but what a laughter
 Did it afford, to see grim *Vulcan*
 Deliver to each man his full can!
 Thus did they sit, and cram, and eat,
 All the day long untill sunset,
 (You'll sweare their stomach's were set sharpe)
 (a) *Apollo* playing oth' welsh harpe,
 Then in the nick as they were dining,
 To them there came wassellers nine, in,
 Who did, by turnes, and not at once all,
 Sing ballads, each with a responsall:
 Now one, then to'ther, put a word in,
 Then all together sung the burden,
 At sunset, with a giddy head,
 Each of e'm reeled home to bed,
 To that place where (b) the famous hobler,
 For he was bricklayer, and cobbler,

(a) — ῥήρυγ' θεῖος ἄλλος ἢ ὅχ' Ἀπόλλων
 Μουσῶν δ' αἰεὶ αἶνον ἀμειβόμενοι ὄπι' ἔχοντες.

(b) πρὶν αὖτ' Ἀμφιγυῖας.

As well as smith, of every trade)
 For each of them a house had made,
 And *Iano* home to his owne bed crept,
 Where he snor'd, and profoundly slept,
 And with him lay *Iuno* his mate,
 Rayf'd from her Wicker chayre of state.



Hom^{er} place where (b) the famous Homer
 or he was dickeys, and copier

Homer *A la Mode.*

The second Rhapsody.

The Argument.

*The second Rhapsody, call'd Beta,
Of Agamemnons dream doth treat a;
Tells the proceedings oth' Court-leet,
And numbereth the Gracian Fleet.*

He Gods that night did sleepe and
snort all,

And so did many a daring mortall,
* Wearing on's head a payr of locks
Made of the spoyles of young colts docks,
Onely except *Jove* from that number,
Who then, did neither sleep nor slumber.

Not (as some write) perplex'd with fears,
 But cares, he could not take his ease;
 For he resolv'd (since he had said it)
 That he would stout *Achilles* credit,
 Though by the death of honest fellows
 To be slaine 'mongst the *Greeke Gondolo's*:
 Whilst this, all night, his mind was busie on,
 He thought it best to send a Vision
 To great *Atrides* his pavilion,
 Which he had pitched before *Ilion*;
 Then, having call'd one to him, the sage
Jove sent him with this hasty message;
 Be gone, dispatch, false shape, roth' place,
 Where th' *Greeks* intrench, with speedy pace,
 There goe toth' tent of *Agamemnon*,
 Whilst within hearing is, but him, none,
 And, faithfully, in words at large,
 Tell him what now I give in charge;
 Bid him, soone as he may, fall to't,
 And arms his men, both horse and foot,

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(a)

Bid

Bid him be sure arme all his ragged
 Regiment, of (a) *Greeks*, whose haire's shagged,
 Every man with a trusty blade,
 (b) From th' Generall to th' Lanspresade,
 For now at last, his war-like feet
 This day shall tread in (c) *Troy's* broad-street,
 The Gods will stand no longer doubting,
 But yeeld the *Trojans* to his routing,
 And, woe be to them, for by *Juno's*
 Pray'rs, they are like t'have many a blew nose:

As soon as he said this, the dreame
 Tooke swifter flight then boats with stream,
 And almost e're one could have cry'd
 What's this? came where the *Greek* ships ride
 As for *Atides*, without rapping
 At's door, he came and (d) caught him napping,

(a) — Κατακοιμώμενοι Ἀχαιοί. (b) Πανσυνέτη.

(c) — πύλιν ἐορμαγούσαν

Τρώων—

(d) — ἢ δ' ἐχέλασεν (?)

Ἐνδοῦτ' ἐν κλισίῳ—

His sleep; with odors, not like amber,
 Backwards, and forwards, fill'd the chamber:
 He came and peeped o're the tester
 Of's bed, ith' shape of gasser Nestor;
 Whom he lov'd most of all the Aldermen,
 Yet among them there were some balder men,
 Though not perhaps so old; his visage
 The vision bore, and th' markes of his age.

Then said, sleep'st thou so sound *Atreides*?
 Thy sire, old *Atreus*, would have ply'd his
 Stumps had he been as thee, his soule
 God rest, and happy man be's dole;
 When he dy'd we lost a stout warrior,
 And, though I say't, (e) a skilfull farrier,
 Neighbour, you ought more to regard
 The publick, then while watch and ward
 Should be kept by you, to lye sleeping;
 You have, committed to your keeping,

—φῖ δ' α'μλεσσις κίχθ' ο'ππῃ.
 (e) iemda'usia.

The

The publick peace; who shall now catch,
 While you sleep here, rogues on the watch?
 Come, marke my counsell, for 'tis *Jupiter's*,
 That loves thee, as the dee'l lov'd *Hugh Peters*.
 And, when thou little think'st on't, cares
 For th' management of thy affaires.
 He bids thee without further stops,
 Arme th' (f) *Greeks*, with heads like whiting,
 See that you all your forces rally, (mop;
 The Gods will now no longer dally,
 But yeild up (g) *Troy*, with her fair high wayes,
 Therefore make great haste, and goe thy wayes.
 About it, *Juno* now prevails,
 Therefore woe to the *Trojans* tayles,
 Take heed you don't forget ere day
 (As you use) what o're night I say,
 I hope you went not drunk to bed,
 This when the cheating dreame had sayd

(f) — Κατακομύοντας Ἀχαιοί.

(g) — πόλιν ἐορναγμένην.

He left him musing, like an Ass,
 On what should never come to passe;
 He leap'd in's very sleep for joy,
 And dream'd of nought but taking *Troy*,
 His conquest now seem'd within viewing,
 But he thought not (a) what *Jove* was brewing,
 For he intended, by next light,
 To make both parties rue their fight:
 He wak'd (b) and saw his dreame as plaine
 As if 't had stood by him againe,
 Where e're he turn'd, he thought he heard
 The voyce come from *Nestor's* bush-beard,
 When he had sate upright, and scratch'd
 His bum a while, in haste he catch'd
 His coat, 't was soft made of bucks leather,
 Thick enough against wind and werber,
 Then did he 's plad on's shoulders d'on,
 And buckled too his clouted shoon;

(a) — *ἄρα Ζεὺς μὴδ' ὅτι γὰρ.*

(b) *ὅτε δὲ Νέστωρ ἀμφὶ χυθρὸν ἔβλεπεν*

then, thrusting through his belt his elbow,
hung by 's side his blade of Bilbo,
and next, he took a crab-tree-cudgell,
with which his father us'd to trudge well
from towne to towne, this did he cary
with him still, as hereditary,
as walk'd he to the boats accoutr'd,
madnesse within, and these armes outward.
By this *Aurora* had giv'n warning
of day, and th'rest, that it was morning,
for she's the chamber-maid, and, early
in morning, calls up those that there lye.
Then *Agamemnon* sent the bell-men
to exercise their throats, and tell men
his will, of which the whole purport
was that they all should meet at Court;
they came in haste togeth'r, and then at
old *Nestor's* barge sate the grave Senate,
otherwise call'd the Common-counsell,
of old men that weare fur gownes well

When

- When these were met, and when they all at
Him star'd, He thus 'gan, like a ballad,
(* Producing a contrivance, full
Of subtilty, from his thick scull)

Good people, friends, and masters, list ye,
There did appeare to me, this misty
Night, a strange Ghost, that made me tremble,
You, *Nestor*, it did much resemble,
Your shape, your fat guts, and your gesture,
And made this speech from my beds tester.
Can'st thou sleepe, or securely bide here,
Thou son of *Atreus* (a) the horse-rider?
Tis not fit that one in whose trust is
The peace-keeping, next to the Justice,
And Proclamations in his head,
Should lye so like a thing quite dead,
Except for snoring, like a carkasse,
For shame rise, be not such a starke Ass,

* *ποικίλῃ συνειρήνῃ βαλλῶν*

(a) *ἱπποδάμοιο*

You well may credi't what I portage, and pray
 and pray obey't, for 'tis *your* message
 Who, though his house from your's be far
 fares for you more then you'r aware of, (off,
 he counsels you so cloath in mayle
 All your men, (e) rag, rag, and long taylor,
 and arme each (d) shaggy pate in hel met,
 for now your pray'rs the gods have well met,
 and they no longer will delay,
 he bring you into *Troyes* (e) broad way,
 for *Juno's* pray'rs have turn'd the mind of
 the gods, and (f) mischief hang's ith' wind
 the *Troy* town, when from you sleep's banish'd
 forget not: and away he vanish'd.
 thus, when the dream had me forsooke,
 awn'd a little, and then woke;
 therefore let's forthwith put in armour,
 as well as we can, each *Greek* farmer,

(b) "Ος ου αειδεν ιος μιζα κηδε θηνα' ελθειν.

(c) Παυσολη. (d) Καρηκομωοντας. (e) διευδυσιας.

(f) —Τρωεσσιν ε κηδε' εφηπται.

One thing by th' way I have projected,
 To try how they all stand affected;
 To retreat home I'll them perswade,
 To try of what mettle they're made,
 But say each of you the Contrary,
 And give them your advice to vary.

Atrides thus said, and sat down;
 Then *Nestor* rose up in's furr gown,
 An officer (a) in sandy *Pylus*,
 Which parish from that place three mile was,
 Who in this speech laid forth his will,
 According to his Simple skill.) but, (hence)
 Friends, whom the town doth not exclude
 'Cause you are (b) stout, and of great prudence
 Who for each purple cary staves,
 To keep the peace, and knock down Knaves
 Had any meane man told this story
 About a dreame, I'd have been for ye,

(a) *quadrans*

(b) *nymphe nst mldone,*

And counsel'd you forthwith to pack
 To *Grecia*, bag and baggage, back,
 Thinking he ly'd, but now since 'tis he on
 Whom we depend that saw this vision,
 Therefore forthwith let lowd alar'mes
 Warne the *Greeks* to stand to their Armes.

This was old *Nestor's* speech, which yet he
 Had hardly finish'd, when (c) the petty
 Constables, with their Staves and Maces,
 Rose all together from their places,
 And going forth, with resolution
 To put his will in execution,
 By this the rable rout was coming
 To court apace, and made a humming
 As all the world like swarmes of Bees,
 That use to live in hollow trees,
 Which all day long busi'd about
 Their work, are going in and out,

(c) Σκηνίου τοῦ Βασιλῆως.

And

And up and downe fly (d) in a cluster
 From flow'r to flow'r, so the *Greeks* muster,
 And come in throngs along the shore,
 Whose very sands were scarcely more,
 For *Jove* for fear they should not all
 Have notice, bid *Fame* sound a call,
 Which shee did with her shining trumper;
 * Th'earth seem'd to groan they did so thump it
 Before they were all plac'd, there was
 Amongst them a confused buze,
 In country churches such confusion
 I oft have heard, when tow'rds conclusion
 The priest hath drawne his tedious prayers,
 Some runing downe the belfry staires,
 Some more devout clownes, partly guessing
 When he's almost come to the blessing,
 Prepare their staves, and rise at once,
 Saying *Amen*, off their mary bones,

(d) *Borpadre.*

— vnd d' isure x'en jau'a.

Nine Cri's together that were then bound
 To attend the Court, on payn of ten pound
 Proclaimed silence, and did make
 Oyes, before *Atrides* spake,
 Then every one in hast caught roome
 Where he could find place for his Bum,
 All hush't, *Atrides* up did stand,
 Holding his gilt-Staff in his Hand,
 A Staff which all the rest for bulk, and
 Faire shape excell'd, first made by *Vulcan*,
 And giv'n to *Jove* the Sun of *Saturne*,
 When he as Constable serv'd a turne,
 He makes use on't, and when his terme is
 Expir'd, leaves it to nimble *Hermes*;
Hermes resign'd his mighty Mace
 To (f) Carter *Pelops* with his place;
Pelops gav't *Atreus* his succeder,
 He to *Thyestes* (g) the sheep feeder,

(f) Πωξίππυ. (g) Πολύαρυ.

And after (g) Rich *Thyestes* dy'd, his
 Constables Staff he left *Atreides*,
 With which he govern'd many an Island,
 And rul'd his ward, by Sea, and by Land,
 On this he leane's, and twist's about
 His Leg, and (h) streight these words fly out:

My friends, and stout Greeks (i) that wear
 Buff livery upon your A— (Mars his
 This damn'd *Saturnius* hath betray'd me;
 He ow'd m' a shame, and now hath pay'd me,
 He promis'd me, when I had ta'en
 Troy Town, I should come home again,
 But now I see too plain, god's dud's
 He leaves me basely in the luds,
 He chargeth us to face about,
 Now we've receiv'd a gen'ral rout,
 These are his tricks, h' hath shewn his pow'r
 Oft in the fall of many a Tower,

(g) Πολύαυρ. (h) ἐντα ὑπομένει ὑπομένει.

(i) ——— ὁμοειπὸν, Ἀπὸ.

And yet hee'l batter many a wall,
 In spight of any of us all,
 The children, yet unborne, here after
 At us shall stretch their sides with laughter,
 If ever they should chance to heare on't
 That we return'd without our errand,
 That we staid eight years and a half
 Before Troy Town, as *Walsam's* Calf
 Went nine miles once to suck a Bull,
 We shall b' as wise as he was full:
 And yet, for ought as I can se,
 Of this war no end's like to be:
 Though we should make peace with the Trojans
 And with them take up Friendly lodgings,
 And if we should divide our men
 In companies, by ten, and ten,
 And every ten should take a (i) Denizon
 Of Troy, to fill him wine to's Venizons

(i) *Epithet*.

I doubt me many a tenne would lack
A man for them to fill out sack,
So far our numb'r, in my account,
The *Trojan* Citizens surmount,
But, besides these, th' auxiliary's
Do vex me most, mongst whom each carries
A long speare, but for these, this burrough
Had long since been by us run thorough,
But now, nine years are pass'd and gone,
As for ship-timber, we have none,
And, for our use we are scarce able,
Th' are so decay'd, to straine a cable,
And god Knowes whats done by our wives
The while we here venter our lives,
Whilst here our businesse lies undone,
Each of us hath an unknown Sonne,
Some perhaps more, who do expect us,
And if we come not, may neglect us,
Therefore, hark all to what I say,
To morrow we'l cry westward hay,

And

And hoise up for our native soyle;
 Leaving this endlesse, fruitlesse toyle;
 We 'l, as we can, our own enjoy,
 Since here's no hopes of taking Troy.

(k) When this was say'd, the sooth to tell ye
 Each mans heart hop'd within his bellie,
 Among the throng, but theirs did not
 Which-knew before hand of his plot; (be,
 With this speech each mind homeward bent

And, *nemine contradicente*,
 They cry'd like mad men, hay for our town,
 Just as th' *Icarian* waves do pow'r down
 Their some oth' shore, when ever the sterne
Eurus disturbs them with his Easterne
 Blasts, or when *Notus* roaring loud,
 Rusheth upon them from a cloud,

— (k) Τότε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεῖον
 Πᾶσι μὲν ἄλλανδ' ἔπειτ' ἢ βούλῃσι λυγρὰ φέρει

Or as fierce *Zephyrus* doth grumble
 In corne fields, making each stalke humble
 His weighty head, this speech inclin'd
 Just so, to a retreat each mind,
 They ran, and flourish'd their Caps or'e 'em,
 Beating along the dust before 'em,
 They lancht their Boats out in all hast,
 (m) Each lent a Hand, and cry'd havast,
 And when into the Sea they 'd got 'em,
 Each gan to cleanse his leaking bottom,
 After this, twerling round their Mops
 To dry 'em, they took in their props,
 Then, as they anchor weigh'd, their cries
 And joyful hooting pierc'd the Skies,
 And reach'd the Ears of great *Joves* dame,
 Th' had gone else as wife as they came,

Τοι δ' ἀνάλαιστοι κίχιδον
 Ἀπ' ἔδου γυνοῖσ' ἐλάμεν σὺν ἑλὰ θύει

He heard it, as she fate by *Pallas*,
 And cry'd, out on a suddain, alas!
 What means this hooping great *Joves* Daughter
 Unrained yet? what is the matter?
 We 'l never let the Græcian Scullers
 March homewards thus with folded colours,
 Ne're shall they * back grim *Neptunes* billows,
 Instead of Laurels, bearing Willow's,
 Ne're shall they stir thence, till they take
Troy Town, and *Helen*, for whose sake
 Many bold Greeks lye, many a mile
 In cold clay, from their native soyle,
 To the Greek * Red coats haste therefore
 With faire words keep 'em still a shore,
 Let them not draw down to the water
 Their barges, after all this slaughter.

This when she said, her * wall-ey'd maid
 Made no more bones on't, but obey'd,

* Αγγυτών.

* Νῶτε θαλάσσης. * Χαλκοχιτώνων * Τλαυκῶπις.

She drop't from th' welkin down as quick
 As a Kite striking at a Chick,
 And, in the turning of a hand,
 Among the Græcian ships did stand,
 And there, according to her wishes,
 Neer his own boat she found *Ulysses*,
 In cunning æqual unto *Jove*,
 He had not put a hand to shove
 His Boat off shore, but there he stood,
 Stamping, and vex'd, as he were wood,
Minerva, standing by his side,
 Unto him thus her self apply'd,
 Laertes's bold and wily Son,
 Will all the Greeks thus homeward run ?
 *They tumbl' as if they could afford
 To break their necks to get aboard,
 Will you thus simply run away,
 And leave old *Priamus* the day?

*—Εὐρύκλειος πολυκλήσις πατήρ.

Will you leave here behind the wench,
 For whose sake, on the *Gracian* trench,
 And before *I lium's* cursed walls^a
 Have been caus'd many stout mens falls;
 Which, god knows how far off, lye dead
 From th' parish where th'were borne and bred,
 Make haste for shame, (s) make noe demurre,
 Goe to 'em, and let noe man stirre,
 With your fair words you may perswade 'em,
 Let them not lanch their boates, nor lade 'em,
Ulysses (b) knew the wench by'r tone,
 For she had still a bauling one,
 He, entertaining a great trouble at
 Th'intended voyage, doff't his doublet,
 And bid a neighbour of his beare it,
 The weather was too hot to weare it,

(a) — μνηστὴρ ἰφιδάμην.

(b) ὁ δὲ ξυμπίπτα δούλῃ ὄντι παρρησίῳ

Thus,

Thus, vex'd that's Comrades were so unstable,
 He met *Atrides* the high Constable,
 To whom, at large, with sorrow, showing
 The thing about which he was going,
 That he might have what to shew for it, he
 * Borrow'd the Scaff of his Authoritie,
 Which yet was sound wood, though 'twere bore
 By many a Constable before,
 With which be'ng arm'd, he walk'd a round
 The Red-coats quarters, if he found
 There any of the better sort,
 Them with this speech he gan to Court,

Sir, you should not Faint-heart resemble,
 And at the enemy's sight tremble,
 You should your self, and others order,
 Be n't in such hast to go aboard, ere
 You know what is *Atrides* mind,
 Perhaps he hath done this to find

* *Δι' ἑαυτοῦ οἱ οὐκ ἔχοντες παρρησίαν ἀφ' ὧν δέ σι.*

able, new mens affections are bent,
 and, I believe, 'tis his intent
 to punish, as he finds occasion,
 according to this proof, each lazy one,
 I not yet cleare what he doth drive at;
 I know not what he sayd in private;
 therefore, good Sir, provoke him not,
 his anger's fire when once 'tis hot,
 none of us all dares him abide,
 as long as *Ione* is on his side;
 But if he met a common soldier,
 he heard him hoot,* a thwart the shoulder,
 he hit him, with's staff of command,
 down to the ground, then bid him stand,
 say'ng: sirrah, weeke provide you fetters,
 you can't be rul'd by your betters,

* ὁ δὲ σκῆπτρῳ ἐλάσσονας διέκλῆσσε καὶ τὸ μὲν εἶπε:

Thou

How

Thou dastard, sneaking rogue, thou be'st
 *Scarce worthy to have roome ith list,
 What good hast thou ere done but mutiny?
 Thou can'st nor plot nor execute any,
 Let's not be masters all, I pray,

Tw'er better one should beare the sway,
 Who hath from *Ione* receiv'd comission,
 In rule, pray, let's have noe partition:

Thus, whomsoever he could find
 In all his walke, he disciplin'd,
 Some, with intreates, and some, with menaces,
 He brought back from thier tents and pinaces,
 To court again, with such a roaring
 As when the waves doe make the shore ring,
 Which noyse is echo'd back again
 By others, further in the maine;
 The rest were all quietly sate,
 Onely *Thersites* 'gan to prate,

* Οὐτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ ἐπαρσέναις —

Against

Against his officers, this beast,
 Lavender still had a jest, (ter
 and what ere he thought would move laugh-
 ed out with't, what ere would come after,
 No Greek was ugly'er, yet this fowle
 Rascallion thought himself a droll;
 He limp'd, and look'd nine way's at once,
 Distorted were his shoulder bones,
 His head, from's forehead to his crowne top,
 Resembled much a revers'd towne-top,
 His beard right *China*, and as thin
 The haire of's head was, as of's chin,
 This scurvy rascalls humor still is
 To jeere *Ulysses*, and *Achilles*,
 He was a lover of scurrility,
 But foe to these, and all civility:

* θαλὴ δὲ ἔστιν ἡ γυνὴ δ' ἔτι περ πόδες τῶν δ' οἱ ὤμοι
 κυρτοὶ ὡς τῆς ἀνδρὸς ἀντιποδὸς καὶ τῶν ὤμων
 διεξὲς ἔστιν κεφαλὴν ἡ δὲ τῆς ἀντιποδὸς λαίχη.

He

He then began thus to deride his
 Prudent commander, great *Atides*,
 On whom all look'd with indignation,
 'Cause he had fool'd their expectation,
 'Gainst him he made this speech, ith' middle
 Oth' Greeks, 'like squeaking string of fiddle,

What's the news, with you now? what want
Atides, with a vengeance? han't you (you
 Of Gold and Silver more then one tent?
 And the choice Girls, yet y' are not content;
 All th' captive Wenches, that are under
 Thirty years, you choose out oth' plunder,
 If any *Trojan* comes to ransom
 His son, and with him brings a Grand summe
 If we demand it, they'l contemne one
 Of us, and ask for *Ayammion*,
 And then besides, if that could quiet y'e,
 Of private tumblers y' have variety,

'Tis not right that he who is chief
 Mongst us, should lead us into mischief,
 And after many an error, and turne,
 Bring us through Bry'rs, like Jack a Lantern
 Faint hearted Greeks, rather Greek Wenchcs,
 Come to our Camp, and to these Benches,
 Come home again, our markets done,
 (you) let's leave this Tyrant here alone,
 That in Greece he may ne're enjoy
 Our goods, but spend them here in Troy,
 Let him know, maugre his commands,
 We may have th' law in our own hands,
 He keeps *Achilles's* wench per force,
 Though then himself he can't be worse,
 For that good man then made it plain
 How much he could himself contain,

Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστὶν ἡγεμὼν ἐμβασιλεὺς ἢ αἱ Ἀχαιοί
 ἢ οἱ πολεῖς καὶ ὁ δαίτης ἢ οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐν τῇ Ἀχαιοί.

Had

Had he not then his passion curb'd,
 Thou shouldst have us no more disturb'd,
Ulysses heard *Thersites* chide his
 Commander thus, the bold *Atrides*,
 Starting up, sternly he began, ere
 Th' other had quite done, in this manner,

* Thou prating Jackanapes, *Thersites*,
 What ere thou say'st ou't of meer spight is,
 Those that came with us hither ask all,
 There's not amongst 'em such a rascal,
 Dar'st thou against the high Constable
 Ith' open court on this wise babble?
 Hold your peace, * make your soul mouth clean
 Before his name come there again,
 You must, forsooth, against him raile,
 And be enquiring when he'l sail,
 Before there's any of's that know
 How th' matters of this siege will goe,

* *Θυρεῖν ἀπειρώμεθα.*

—* *Οὐκ ἂν βασιλῆας κτλ. εἰ μὴ ἔχον ἀγροῦναι.*

How we shall come off none knows truly,
 Whether (a) with victory or blewly,
 What reason is't you should condemne one,
 As here you doe great *Agamemnon*,
 And basely cast into his teeth
 Those things the *Greeks* honour'd him with?
 One thing I'le tell thee too to boot,
 And, as God judge me, I'le stand to't,
 Errah, if ever I catch you more
 Abusing folkes in this mad humor,
 May my head off my shoulders fall;
 And let my little boy be call'd
 Me his owne father, but some other
 That has been dealing with his mother,
 If I don't of thy Jerkin strip thee,
 And thy red waste-coat, and then whip thee,
 Ifaith I'le pluck thy breeches downe,
 (b) Some Market day, and through the towne!

(a) Ἡ δὲ δὴ νῦν ἐστὶν ἡ ἀποφασίς.

(b) Περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ ἀποφασίζοντος.

I'll drive thee, whining with a carters' w. w. w.
Long, knotted whip, to thy owne quarters;

This when he ended, ore's bunch back
He tooke him a confounded thwack,
The cur (a) duck'd down his head, and whin'd,
As howling mongrils, when they find
They'r warn'd too late by the bell
Oth' whips approach, from's bleare eyes fell,
'Tis hard to say wheth'r rhume, or teare,
Perhaps 'twas rhume, which still flow'd there,
And on's crook-back there rose a new
(b) Great bunch, of color black and blew,
Raif'd by the crab-tree-tudgel's knobs,
He sits him downe, and sighs, and sobs,
(c) Making foule faces, (d) and's wet eyes,
And foamy nose, on's sleeve he dryes,
He durst not speake, he was so fear'd,
But grin'd, and pull'd the haire off's beard.

(a) ὁ δ' ἰδὲν ἰδὲν . . . (b) Σὺ δ' ἔτι αἰμυρῶν.

(c) αἰμυρῶν ἰδὲν. (d) αἰμυρῶν ἰδὲν.

The *Gracians*, though th'had scarce done cha-
 at that sight could not forbear laughing. (sing)
 He look'd so like a baboon, vex's
 Then said one to him that stood next,

O Gemony ! neighbour, what a blisse is
 This, that we have 'mongst us *Ulysses*?
 Good he doth practice, and impart,
 And now (God's blessing on his heart)
 Has tane a course, into this idle
 Logue, stand'rous mouth to put a bridle,
 It seems he'll pluck downe his proud stomach,
 Or he's resolv'd to make his bum ake,
 Against his betters now I'le warrant
 He'll not rayle, h'had best have a care on't.
 Thus talk'd the vulgar, when *Ulysses*,
 Who to storme hen-roosts seldome misser,
 Rose up, and there stood by his side
Pallas, a wench that was wall-ey'd,

And all have undergone rurmoyle,
For going home to quit the spoyle,
Yet I can't blame 'em, I confesse
Thinke my selfe should do no lesse;
'Tis sad to be kept back by tempest,
(For any one that doth love them best)
From's wife and children; said I sad?
Nay, faith, 'twould make a man borne mad,
Now almost nine yeares are past, since
We came, we'r almost in our teens,
Therefore no fault with any neighbour,
He find, since so much trouble they bore,
Let loosers speak, 'tis an affliction,
But yet, my friends, since honor pricks ye on,
Bears a good heart with your hard fare, and
Let's ne're bring home a sleevelesse errand,
Besides, among us there's a talke, as
If we were cheated here by *Calchas*,
Therefore let's stay till we have try'd him,
And then a heavy death beside him,

H3

And

And

And if, at their time, all his prophesies
 Don't come to passe, then quit your offices:
 All (but a broth'r, or so, whose soule is,
 I hope, at rest) know that in *Aulis*,
 When *Greeks*, with barges that did them bear
 Made rendezvous, you may remember
 That by a well in a back-side,
 From whence in troughs did water glide
 Into the house, for th' use o' th' kitchen,
 We kill'd (and *Calchas*, good at witching,
 Was then in place) a lusty steere,
 God blesse the marke, in that place where
 A streight, wide-spreading sycamore
 Grew, high the well I nam'd before;
 There then appear'd a cruell dragon,
 (a) His neck look'd as if 't had red shagge on,
 By *Jupiter's* will so't befell,
 He crept from under th' lid o' th' well,

(a) *ὄφις ἔκ τινος Διουπόρος.*

there, up the sycamore, to th' thatch'd
 house eves he twines, where, newly hatcht,
 He found young birds, in number eight,
 The old one th'ninth, which on them sate,
 They were yong Sparrows, or Tom Tits,
 I know not which, but at eight bits (and
 I'm sure, *though they poore things did chirp,
 Tremble, th'were eaten by the Serpent,
 And, all this'while, th'enraged old one
 Flew up and downe, and seem'd to scold on
 The greedy monster that had robb'd her,
 But he contriv'd a slight and bobb'd her,
 For (b) as she flew about, and clap'd her
 Wings at him, he sprang forth, and snapp'd her.
 Thus soon as he had clear'd the nest,
 And eat the old one, and the rest,
 (c) The mighty son of crafty *Croesus*,
 Conjur'd him back againe to's owne house,

* τιτερωτας.

(b) Τὴν δ' ἐλπίδαυτο πέρυστε λαβὼν ἀμοιβὰς αὐτῇ.

(c) Ἄλλω δ' αὖ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω.

And when wee look'd all about for him,
 We could find nought but th'well-stone o're
 We knew not (it did so astonish us) (him,
 What by this signe *Jove* did admonish us :
 Nor guess'd we what he should foretell
 By th' serpents comming out oth' well,
 When *Calchas*, streight, the cunning man
 Thus to unriddle it began,
 (d) Why are ye silent all and hush'd,
 Ye noble *Greeks*, whose haire is bush'd ?
 Wise *Jove* hath shewne us this portent,
 (e) We must with patience wait th'event,
 'Twill be a thing (f) that will commend
 The *Grecian* name, world without end,
 Just now you here have seen this same
 Serpent eate th' young birds and their dam,
 The meaning of it I divine,
 The young birds eight, one more makes nine,

(d) Τίς ἄν τις ἐγείρεται κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί;

(e) ἐψιτέλεσσιν. (f) - οὐδέ κλέθ' ὑπὸ δολέωνται.

That's

That's th' old one, had there been one more }
 Amongst them, th' had been halfe a score,
 This shewes that, nine whole years, we shall
 Lay tedious siege against Troy wall,
 In the tenth year, by this I see 't,
 We shall all enter (a) Troy's high street,
 This *Calchas* said, and still we find
 All falls out true he er'e divin'd,
 Therefore, ye (b) booted Greeks, couragio
 Let stay this while though 'twere an age ho,
 Till we take *Priam's* town, and truly
 If we do not, then *Calchas* you lie.

This said, all flung their Caps ith' aire,
 And cry'd out, Sir, your speech is faire,
 The ships, as if they'd rend in peeces,
 Rang with the praises of *Ulysses*,
 * Ev'ry one there judg'd it as fine
 A preachment, as er'e from divine

(a) — Πόλει δ' εὐρύγυον

(b) — Ἐὐκνήμιδος Ἀχαιοί.

* Μὴ δὴν ἐπιστήσαντες Ὀδυσῆϊ θεοῖο.

Could be expected, thus they roar'd,
Commending largely ev'ry word.

(a) Old Nestor, us'd to ride about
Allway's, by reason of the Gout,
To make a Speech among them stood,
Which this wise he begun; By th' rood
Ye talke like Babes, all, skill'd in rattles,
And bobby horses, more then battles,
Where shall we find us out evasions
Enough, to salve our protestations?
Must that which skillfull men inventred,
And sound conveyancers indented,
Be now despis'd, as (b) for our solemne
Cov'nants, and leagues, what must befall 'em?
To perish must it be their lots
In Greg'ry's Bonafire, like the Scots?
Shall we now violate (c) that agreement,
On which we all did take the Sacrament?

(a) — Γερνῆς ἰσθὺς Νέστωρ.

(b) Ἐν ποτὶ δὲ βελὰς τοὺς παλαιὰς μὴδ' αὖ ἀνδρῶν,

(c) Σπυρδαί' ἀκροντὶς διζῆται ἡς ἰσθμὸς μὲν,

And

And that to which we set our hands,
 If so, none ere will take our bands,
 When we've thought all the live long day on't
 There will be found no other way on't
 Then to stay out our time with patience,
 And that is now not many daies hence,
 (a) *Atrides*, to your purpose stand,
 And still continue your command
 Over the Greeks, if any be
 Amongst them (As there's but two or three)
 Who from the rest consult apart;
 You need not value them a f—
 Did 'em be hang'd, or kiss your a—
 For, let them do their best, they'l scarce
 Find their way homewards, till we know
 Whether *Jove* fools us, I, or noe,
 This I'me sure, (b) when we went aboard,
 Bringing for *Troy* town fire, and sword,

(a) Ἀτρεΐδης τῷ Ἀθ' οἷς σείν' ἔχον· ἀ' σπουδαὶς ἐλπίσιν,
 Ἀλχιδ' Ἀργείων· αὖ' κρατερὰς ὑπὸ δαίμονι

(b) Ἡμῶν τῶν δὲ τῶν μὲν ἐπ' αὖ' ἐκπύροισιν ἵκανον.
 Ἀργείων, Ἰσθμίων φέρον· αὖ' ἀνὰ πύργους.

Jove gave 's a pass, and did expresse,
 By favorable signes no less,
 For then (a) his lightning, to our wonder,
 Shew'd us the way, and his lowd thunder,
 In consort with our drum's, did beat us
 A march, pray therefore never let us
 Think of returning back to Greece,
 Without a *Trojan* Girle a piece,
 Let no man think of his own dwelling,
 Ere he hath been reveng'd for *Helen*,
 (b) But if there's any that's so sterne,
 That will in spight of us returne,
 Let him but touch his barge (c) well plank'd,
 And streight, with death, he shall be thank'd,
 For you *Atrides*, though y'are wise,
 Pray take, as well as give advice,
 What I say, though it doth not proffit,
 You'l not be th' worse for th' hearing of it,

(a) Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐπὶ Νέξῃ θεοῦ σημεῖα φαίνον.

(b) Ἐὰν τις ἀπαγλῶς ἐθέλῃ δεχέσθαι νέεσθαι.

(c) Ἐν σιλήσει.

Then,

Then, briefly, thus I do advise,
 Divide your men by companies;
 So files will help files, in each squadron
 So may you find out who ere's a drone,
 This if by your command you doe,
 What each man doth will lie in view,

(a) Then, if you take not *Troy*, you'll know
 The cause on't, how it happens so,
 Whether it be long of *Joves* will,
 Or of our Souldiers want of skill,
 'Twill put a stop 'gainst all profaning
 The gods, if 't hap for want of trayning,

Then thus *Atreides* made him answer

(b) Nay, by my faykins now, old grandfire,
 You still do go beyond the young
 Greeks, in the smoothnesse of your Tongue,

(a) Ἐνὶ τῷ πόλεϊ δ' αὖ ἐδιδόμην πόλεος ἐκ ἀλαστέρας.
 Ἡ δ' ἀνδρῶν ἐκλότῃς ἐδιδόμην πρὸς ἄλλους.

(b) Ἡ μὲν αὖτις ἀγορῇ περὶ γένος ὕμνος Ἀχαιῶν.
 Αἰ δ' ἔτι δὲ πρὸς ἄλλους ἐδιδόμην ἐπὶ Ἀπείρο.
 Ἰσχυρὸς δὲ πρὸς ἀμφοτέρωθεν ὡς Ἀχαιῶν.

I would to *Jove*, *Phabus*, and *Pallas*,
 We had ten men amongst us all, as
 Well bred as you, to Read and Write,
 Then should *Troy* town, to day, ere night,
 Be brought, by all our hands, to ruine,
 Wee'd ope the gates, and let all you in.
 But alas *Jove* with's (a) Goats-skin mantle
 Doth somewhat scurvily me handle,
 (b) And thrusts me into brauls, and brables,
 Whence none to set himself free able's,
 For you know how, about the Girle, I
 And stout *Achilles* did grow surly
 With one an other, (c) the affront,
 I found in coole blood thinking ont,
 I gave him first, but if again
 He would consult with me, why then
 Wee'd by no means delay to murder
 These miscreants (d) one minute further

(a) Ἀνδρῶν.

(b) —Με μὲν δ' ἀνὰ πύλῃσι θεῶν δὲ τοῖσι βαλὼν.

(c) —Ἐγὼ δ' ἱερὸν γέρας ἔλαττον.

(d) —Οὐδ' ἵβαν.

For th' present go all to your suppers,
 And after that have at their cruppers,
 Each rub's spear, surbush up his shield,
 Arme ye at all points for the field,

(c) You of the Cavalry, by all meanes
 Give your Horse store of Oates and Beanes,
 Give 'em fresh litt'r, and rub their beeles,
 You Wagoners, liquor your wheelles,
 That all the day long we may fight,
 Till we be parted by dark night,
 We set you all so hard a working,
 That ev'ry one shall sweat through's Jerkin,
 And all the while the Drums shall strike up,
 Whilst any man can hold his Pike up,
 The teams shall sweat too, and take paines,
 That draw along our laden waines,
 Many of you I see hanker
 Here, nigh the Boares that ride at anchor,

(c) 'Εὐ δὲ περὶ πρῶτον δὴ πρὸς τὸν ἀντιπάλιν
 ἰδρῶσι μὲν τὰ τελαμῶν ἐμὲν εἰθεῖον
 ἐπὶ δὲ ἀμφοτέρω

Twill

*Twill be well for that Jackanapes,
If he the Dogs and Kites escapes,

This when h' had spoke, the Greeks cry'd hillo
With such a noise as when a billow
The North wind 'gainst a steep rock dashes,

*Which waves, on each side driven, washes
So standing in the mid'st oth' flood,
That no wind ever blow's it good,

They rise and with shout's strain their throats,
Scat'ring themselves among the Boats, (fires,
Then through the camp they made great bone-
And sup'd, with mutton broyld upon fires,

(a) And each said over a rosary
To's sev'ral Saint, with *Ave Mary*,

Adding to all the rest this prayer,
To come from field alive, and sayr.

(b) And that he might come off from grim
Mars his assaults, sound, wind, and limb,

* Περὶ βλήν σπονδὰς δ' ἵππῳ κέρματα λείπει.

Παρταίων ἀνέμων δῖος ἱὸς δ' ἰνδα γένειον.

(a) Ἄλλ' αὖ δ' ἄλλαι ἐπιζέουσιν.

(b) Εὐχόμεθα δαίμονι γένειον καὶ μῦλον Ἄριος.

Strides, 'mongst the rest, did call
 On *Jove*, and kill'd an Ox from's stall,
 Of five years old, and for the best
 Oth' parish, with him, made a feast,
 But to him there came nev'r a guest, or
 Neighbor, before jolly old *Nestor*,
Idomeneus, next, made one more,
 Then the two *Ajaxes* made fowre,
 In the fifth place came *Diomedes*,
 And sixth *Ulysses* came, to feed his
 Ungodly gut, * his braines as full
 Of plots, and crotchets, as *Joves* scull;
 Then *Menelaus* (a) good at bauling,
 For's wide throat fam'd, came without calling,
 His throat perhaps at table better,
 There he was counted no small eater,
 Thither he came of's own accord,
 Knowing his brother kept good boord,

*—Δι' μὲν ἄτ' ἔλαυνον.

(a) Βοὸν ἀγαθόν.

(a) These eight sate rownd then to be brief,
 And presently up comes the Beef,
 They draw their Knives, and take their loaves,
 Then said *Atrides*, let's crave *Jove's*
 Blessing, and having said his grace,
 Holding his hat before his face,
 Whil' st the meat could piec'd out his prayer,
 With these words, or such like as they are,
 (c) Most powerful, and glorious *Jove*,
 That dost inhabit th' Heavens above
 The Clouds, grant ere the Sun go down,
 I may demolish *Priam's* Town
 With wildfire, (d) and pay *Hector's*, jacket,
 And at one blow in two may hack it,
 And put the Noses in the gutter
 Of his comrades, that makes this clutter.

(a) Βῦν δὲ πρὸς τὸν ἄλκιμον.

(c) Ζεὺς κύριε μέγιστε καὶ πάντων ἀνδρῶν.

(d) Ἐκέρσει δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι.

Καλῶ ὀφθαλμῶν παλῆς δ' αἶμα' αὐτῶν ἐπὶ γαίῃ.

Πρὸς τὸν ἄλκιμον ἄλκιμον ἄλκιμον ἄλκιμον.

Thus

brief, Thus while he pray'd (e) *Iove*, all the while;
 did nought but laugh in's sleeves, and smile
 oaves, steing his Lips, to hear him cog,
 quoth he, when the Dev'l's a Hog,
 and thus as soon as grace was sayd,
 and ev'ry one had took him bread,
 ayer, *Urides* took the paynes to serve
 e, his guests, and to them all to carve
 first, tow'rds his Trencher he drew't nigh,
 and then the Gooze did scarifie,
 then from the rest he pull'd it clean,
 and with it sent some fat and lean
 et, that thoroughly had not been boyl'd,
 down to the Scullions, to be broyl'd,
 thus they did, o're a fire of cleft wood,
 and broyl'd the Tripes oth' coals oth' left wood,
 thus, having their Beef and Tripes dres't,
 they chop'd, and joynted all the rest

Thus
 — Οὐδ' ἄρα πρὸς ὁμιλίαις Κρωδῶν.

Which some no sooner had quite firted,
 But th'were by others rooke and spitted,
 (b) The turn-spits rosted it with stedy
 Hand, and rook't up when it was ready
Atrides, having carved round:

Cut's for himselfe at least five pound,
 Putting't on's trencher, to't doth fall,
 Say'ng, now I hope I've pleas'd you all,
 (c) The cookes too, having done, were set
 At table, bay fellow well met,
 The meanest scullion had like cheere
 With the sufficient'st man sare there:
 Thus they allay'd their hung'r and thirst,
 Then spake old *Nestor* these words, first:

Right worshipful, our great commander
Atrides let's no longer stand here,
 Let's by no means seem to put off, or
 Abuse th' occasion the Gods proffer,

(b) Ὀππότεν τε πύρρον ἀνέστην ἑρπύωνες τε πύρρον.

(c) Δαίμων' ἐνὶ τῷ θυμῷ, ἐθέλοντο δαΐφας εἶναι.

Send about cryers to give notice
 To ev'ry Greek who at his boat is,
 No longer let us here hold prattle,
 But quickly rally, and joyne battle;

This *Nestor* had no sooner say'd,
 But *Agamemnon* streight obey'd
 And bid the bauling cryers rouse
 The sleeping Greeks to rendezvous,
 They call'd (a) the Græcians with curl'd locks,
 And they came thronging in by flocks,
 (b) Some corporall's that liv'd on spoyles
 And what god sent 'em, through the files
 March'd with *Atrides*, crying, this stands
 Too near his fellow, keep your distance;
 Thus they with him, survey'd both flanks,
 Passing through all the files, and ranks,
 Amongst these swashing sword-men, came
 An ugly, (a) blear-ey'd, ramping, dame,

(a) — Καρκουδωντας Ἀχαιοί.

(b) Διοτρεοίης βασιλῆς.

(a) Γλαυκῶνις.

(b) In a short peticote she was clad,
 Time could not change it, 'twas so bad,
 Old fringe 'twas trim'd with, on which, rows
 There hang'd of tinsel, deckt with oes,
 Well worth a hundred pound (believe it)
 Of that mans mōny that would give it,
 Thus, like a Bedlam to and fro
 She frisk'd, and (c) egg'd 'em on to goe,
 And at last, witch'd 'em in that plight,
 That they were almost mad to fight,
 That ev'ry man there would have chose
 Rather by half a bloody nose,
 Then to have free leave home to sayle
 To *Argos* with a prosp'rous gale,

As when the fire furiously rushes
 O're a a hills top, through dry furs-bushes,
 More and more still amain it blazes,
 And at it all the country gazes,

(b) Ἀγνήτωρ ἡ δαμάτω γῆ.

(c) Ὀτρύνει ἱμάς.

so while the Greeks march'd, at the glaring
 Of their bright armes, the god's stood staring,
 As flocks of wild-fowle fly together,
 (Whither wild Geese, or Cranes, or whether
 swans with long necks) they clap their wings,
 And with their noise the whole Fen rings,
 So towards *Scamander's* flowry banks
 Did march the Gracian Files, and ranks,
 The very ground did roare agen,
 Beat with the * hoofs of horse, and men,
 Their number vy'd with Summers Flowers,
 Or leaves brought forth by *April* showres,
 Or might compare with flies, when th' ayre is
 coultury, that fly about the dayrys,
 So numerous a force did rally
 before *Troy* Town, then, in that Vally,
 Then, just as neighbors higly Piglie,
 let their beasts graze, but then can quicklie,
 knowing the care marke of their own,
 fly 'em from ev'ry one's i'th Town,

* Πόδῳ αὐτῶν τῇ χιτῶνι.

And, doing damage against no man,
 When they please, take them from the common,
 So, ere they did begin the sport,
 Each officer his men did sort
 From all the rest, then when th' were ready,
 Them up against the *Trojans* lead he,
 They march'd, the van *Atrides* lead,
 His staring Eyes, and beetle head,
 Were like great *Jupiter* the thunderer's,
 His belt resembled *Mars* the plunderer's,
 His breast like *Neptune's*, thus to battle,
 Like one Bull 'mongst so many cattle,
 He lead the men of his own Town,
 Thus that day *Iove* gave him renown,
 And over's neighbors set this beast,
 Exalting his horns above the rest.

The remainder of this Second Rhapsody, being
 only a book-roll of hard Names, is
 now purposely left out.

The END.

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